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Original Communications.

POPE'S HOUSE AT BINFIELD.

THE above is an engraving of the house of Pope's father, where the poet passed his youth and early manhood, and where he wrote those works* which at once laid the foundation, and established his fame as one of the greatest poets in the English language. It is situated at Binfield, adjoining Windsor Forest, through whose delightful glades the young poet often wandered,

culling those bright images which he has embalmed in immortal verse. Tradition still points out a beech-tree as one of his favourite haunts, (a representation of which the reader will find at page 57,) on which the celebrated Lord Littelton carved these words—

“HERE POPE SUNG.”

From this spot a wide and extensive view is obtained of a rich and beautifully variegated country, skirted in the distance by the hills near Clifden on the Thames.

To ascertain the precise merit of Pope as a poet much discussion has arisen, but the most qualified of his critics have uniformly subscribed to the truth of that famous parallel between him and Dryden, by Dr. Johnson.

* These were, his *Pastorals*, which he wrote at the age of sixteen; *Essay on Criticism*; *The Messiah*; *The Rape of the Lock*; *The Temple of Fame*; *Abelard and Heloise*; *Windsor Forest*; and his translation of *Homer's Iliad*, of which Johnson says—“It is the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen.” The remainder of his works were composed at Twickenham, at which place the subscription to the *Iliad* enabled him to purchase a house in the year 1715, and thither he removed with his father and mother, and there passed the rest of his life.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

A WANDERER'S LEGEND.

He stood in her ancestral hall
 A moment, and no more;
 She heard his latest footstep fall
 Upon the marble floor;
 Her hand was lock'd in his thrilling grasp,
 Yet his lips were white and wan,
 For he breathed on the form he might not clasp
 His parting benison.
 The clanking ring of the warrior's heel
 Long linger'd on her ear,
 As she turn'd to her home, yet but to feel
 'Twas desolate and drear;
 Yet the song, and the dance, and the taper's light,
 Were there as they had been;
 And the laugh of many whose eyes were bright
 Rang cheerily within;
 There healths were pledged in the deep red wine,
 As they were heretofore;
 And the cups held by those of that lady's line
 With merriment brimm'd o'er;
 Yet they little thought in their mirthful mood,
 When the careless jest went round,
 That the throng to her was solitude,
 Whose heart was "haunted ground;"
 For she heard in the dance and the festive hall,
 Though many a year sped on,
 An unforgetten footstep's fall,
 And a parting benison.
 And he—far away, in the rolls of fame,
 His deeds were register'd,
 And the lady look'd long on his blazon'd name,
 Though 'twas but an empty word.
 Yet a word, like electricity,
 The inmost heart may shake,
 And though reason is throned right royally,
 Her citadel may quake.
 'Twas not that wandering far and long
 That lonely one had died,
 But that tidings came at the evensong,
 Another was his bride!
 Oh, blame her not! in the chapel fair,
 Where she was wont to kneel,
 It seem'd as though in the chanted prayer
 Came the ring of a warrior's heel.
 "Ave Maria!" still she heard,
 When the Litanies were done,
 Through the Latin hymns one English word,
 And a parting benison.
 'Tis in a proud cathedral aisle
 That he at length is laid,
 With hands upraised the weary while,
 As though he ever pray'd.
 Breastplate, and greave, and boot of steel,
 Are sculptured fair and meet;
 The gilded spur is on his heel,
 A lion at his feet.
 In wimple, hood, and massive chain
 Of stone, carved cunningly,
 And rusted arm that long hath lain
 On open breviary;
 A lady lies in crimson pall,
 The one who was his bride,
 And sons and daughters fair and tall,
 Kneel duteous by their side.
 And old achievements, many a one,
 Are wrought and blazon'd there,
 Where looks the dim discerned sun
 Through windows rich and rare;
 Three times each day glad worshippers
 That stately tomb pass by,
 Three times each day white choristers
 Chant the full Liturgy.
 She died that might not love again;
 In loneliness I ween,
 Within an old deserted fane
 Her effigy is seen.
 Her crestlike lozenge scutcheon old
 Is carved in high relief,
 Where yet is traced, 'mid gathered mould,
 The triple arrow-sheaf.

She died—but how?—and one by one,
 Her race have pass'd away,
 And superstitious peasants shun
 That chapel's dark decay.
 And much they marvel there should be,
 That lady all alone,
 Sleeping in cold tranquillity
 Upon her bed of stone.
 Strange tales are whisper'd year by year,
 Around the winter's fire,
 Of many a sight and sound of fear,
 In that old chapel choir;
 And like a snowball rolling o'er,
 That gathers as it goes,
 Each gossip adds a little more;
 And thus tradition grows.

'Tis said, that white and chisell'd tomb,
 With shrouded effigy,
 Dim seen amid the hovering gloom
 Of old solemnity,
 But mocks the empty grave, for there,
 In place of coffin'd bones,
 Of every fleshly relic bare,
 Is but a chest of stones!
 They buried it on Saint Agnes' night,
 Three hundred years ago,
 And mourners walk'd in sable dight,
 When the ground was white with snow.
 The moated house had a vaulted room
 Up a darksome turret stair,
 And there in the moonless midnight gloom
 A maniac tore her hair.
 She sprang to a loop-hole deep and high,
 Despite the chain and gyve,
 And she saw her funeral train pass by
 While yet she was alive!
 They fled down the leafless avenue;
 The torches strangely flared;
 And the stony lions two and two,
 As in defiance stared.
 She heard the muffled chapel chime
 Come slowly up the dell,
 And she felt that she had done with time;
 For 'twas her funeral knell.
 The turret stair and the vaulted room
 Were known but to one alone,
 Who stood by that semblance of a tomb,
 With a heart, like it, of stone.
 And week by week, at the dead of night,
 With a slow and stealthy tread,
 That stern old man, in sable dight,
 Set down her dole of bread,
 And a cruse of water by its side,
 Upon her prison floor—
 Oh, how she wished that she had died!—
 At last he came no more!
 She gnaw'd her flesh for agony,
 As she hearken'd day by day,
 Until from that vault of misery
 Her spirit pass'd away.
 And yearly on Saint Agnes' night,
 When knee deep drives the snow,
 Within the choir a ghastly light
 Is wavering to and fro.
 The chapel bells, unhung and crazed,
 No mortal hand may sound,
 Yet startling ears have heard amazed,
 A spectral knell ring round.
 And then a shadowy train must tread
 From out the moulder'd door
 Of the moated house, untenanted
 A hundred years and more:
 All through the leafless avenue—
 All through the ancient park—
 O'er the snowdrifts of dazzling hue,
 Pass on the mourners dark.
 The iron gate of the chapel ground,
 Though chain'd, is open flung;
 The while, with a terror-striking sound,
 The knell is backward rung.
 They stand by the lady in her rest,
 Where the stern old man is bow'd,
 And a sigh, as though of a troubled breast,
 Upheaves her marble shroud;

Yet the mourner scarce his form has bent,
 Ere the fearful bells are clash'd,
 And by the ruin'd monument,
 The torches down are dash'd.
 And o'er the spot where they seem'd to be,
 Where unhallow'd deeds were done,
 The cold night wind wails dimly,
 While the minster clock tolls one.

REINELM.

THE GHOST.

(From the German of Georges Schirges.)

It was ten o'clock, and I was just opening my chamber door to go to bed, when Victor ran up stairs, shook hands, and promised to spend the night with me.

I led down the late but welcome guest into the parlour, ordered wine, and we drew our chairs towards the fire, the embers of which soon rekindled into a cheerful blaze.

My friend was unusually talkative; ten times he lighted his pipe, and as often let it go out again, as he grew more animated.

"What do you think of that?" asked my companion, who had been relating some anecdotes of second sight.

"Nothing," answered I, laconically.

"Listen, then," continued he, assuming a more serious air—"You know the house in which the poor poet was permitted to occupy a room; you know also my little chamber, and the adjoining school-room for the use of my pupils. I am the only person that sleeps up stairs, and besides three women, who lodge below, and are as shy as field-mice, (for till now I have only seen one gray-headed maiden of the female triumvirate,) not a soul dwells in the house.

"On the evening after my arrival, the father of my pupils introduced me into this Gothic residence; he shewed me an awkward looking little room, containing an old tester bed of the time of Louis XIV., and with a furtive smile wished me a good night's rest. 'Do not be alarmed, my friend,' added he, glancing round the room, 'if you should hear a noise about midnight; the rats and mice are rather frolicsome at that hour; but you are a strong man and sleep soundly; and I presume you are not likely to give credit to any idle tales about ghosts and goblins that may have reached your ears.' He then left me; and I heard the first, second, and third doors shut with a creaking noise; then the heavy gate of the court-yard rattled, and all was still as before. I took a light, surveyed the walls, put a table before the entrance to the school-room, undressed myself, extinguished the candle, and being tired with my journey, soon fell asleep. I know not whether it was the sighing of the wind, the communication I had received, or the fatigue I had undergone; but I soon awoke again, and was unsuccessful in courting a renewal of the favours of the drowsy god.

"Presently I heard the door of the school-room open, and light but distinct footsteps approached. I started up; every object was involved in the deepest darkness; the bunch of keys in my travelling trunk jingled; my letters and papers on the table were evidently in motion, and a voice very near me uttered three deep groans.

"Before I could consider what it would be prudent to do under such circumstances, the noise ceased, and the next moment was heard again on the floor overhead. The following night, I provided myself with fire-arms, placed a phosphorus box on the table, and awaited in bed—half asleep, half awake—the approach of midnight.

"I had not lain long, before the noises of the preceding night were renewed; I sprang out of bed, the cock of my pistol snapped, but without effect; the flint had been removed, and the powder did not ignite. 'The devil!' cried I, 'what unbidden guest comes thus into my room, to disturb my rest? I would have you know that there are neither treasures nor curiosities here. If you are in search of unprinted manuscripts, wait till I have got a light, and then you may read them all at your leisure.'

"Whilst I was speaking, I made several unsuccessful attempts to procure a light, but the brimstone went out; and just as I succeeded, a groan was audible, the door closed gently, and there stood I, *sans culotte*, gazing at it, like a child at a broken toy.

"This has occurred every night since, and I have ceased to concern myself about finding the cause of what appears inexplicable: I sleep soundly, and leave the ghosts to amuse themselves as they please. And now, pray, what do you think of all this? I know you hold all mysticists and Platonists of the new school in contempt; but do you deny the existence of supernatural things? Will you affirm that in the spiritual world nothing but God can become the subject of our senses?"

"There may, indeed, exist supernatural beings, Victor," I observed, "but the idea of what is supernatural becoming natural involves a contradiction, and what is contradictory is nonsensical. In a catholic and a poet, this credulity does not surprise me; but depend upon it, the flights of a too ardent imagination, not the pranks of supernatural beings, have furnished you with the materials of your ghost-story."

"Do you take me then for a fool, who has been talked out of his wits by the priests? Look you, I neither go to mass nor to confession; I have thrown away my rosary; and as to their absolution, I laugh at it. Only give me proofs instead of words—prove to me that there exists nothing besides God and nature."

"Let us quit the subject," said I, "tomorrow I will call upon you, and shew you how to lay spirits."

"Be it so," said he; and having finished our bottle, we shook hands, and parted for the night.

The next evening I visited the chamber of my friend; I found him sitting at a table, with his arms crossed, and his back leaning against the wall.

"Say what you will," remarked he, as the conversation turned again on the subject of spirits; "talk as much as you like of the force of imagination, you will alter your opinion before the night is past."

It was eleven o'clock; I went down stairs, and stepped gently up again in order not to excite the suspicion of the fellow-lodgers. "Now follow my advice," said I to Victor, "take your dagger, seat yourself on the other side of the door, as I do on this, put out the light, speak little, and softly, and wait till the door opens." He did as I said. We had scarcely sat an hour, when we heard footsteps approaching; the stairs creaked, and presently afterwards a key was put into the door at which we were stationed; it was unlocked and gently opened. I rose from my seat, and retreated a pace; and, holding my breath, listened intently, though the utter darkness of the room prevented me from distinguishing a single object. Scarcely had the door closed, when I began to feel about for the intruder with my right hand, while I kept my left hand raised, and in readiness to deal a heavy blow, should occasion require it.

"Now, Victor!" cried I; and my friend did not suffer himself to be called twice, but sprang forward instantly to the attack. A loud laugh escaped us both as we seized the ghost, which, powerless and almost fainting, did not make an effort to escape.

"Light your candle," cried I, "and leave me the hobgoblin, who shall die in my arms if he manifests any desire to move or make a noise." Victor ran into the next room, and brought a light.

"Oh! pray, gentlemen, have compassion on a poor girl!" muttered the spectre, which, as I had already begun to suspect, was a maiden in disguise. Victor entered with a candle in his hand. "A girl!" exclaimed he, holding the light in the face of the trembling ghost, who in soft accents implored our pity, as we stood gazing at each other in astonishment. The maiden was clad in white, her long light hair fell in disorder on her shoulders, and she kept her face buried in her hands. I had suffered the little creature to sink down on the sofa, and was indeed not a little amazed. I had expected to witness the shedding of blood, instead of which, my own mounted into my cheeks, as the little rest-destroyer

regarded us with her tearful blue eyes, and besought our pity.

"My stepmother," said the fair girl, "wishes to purchase this house, and has forced me for more than a year to wander about here every night, in order to make people think it is haunted, so that she may have it a bargain."

Victor recovered himself sooner than I did. "Very well," said he, "give us each a kiss, and we will let you go. As for me, you may continue your visits unmolested, if you promise to pay the tribute punctually every time." So saying, he embraced the frightened girl, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Receive my wages at the same time, Victor!" cried I, and taking up my hat and stick, I bent my way homeward.

B. R.

THE SCULPTOR PRADIER, AND THE "JOAN OF ARC."

THE merit both of original design and execution of the exquisite little statue—the "Jeanne d'Arc," is generally attributed to the young Princess Marie, of Orleans, Duchess of Wirtemberg, a daughter of Louis Philippe, an accomplished princess, who, to her other qualities, added a refined and practical taste for the fine arts, (more especially of sculpture,) unusual, not to say unprecedented, in her exalted rank; and some of whose undoubted productions had already afforded the promise of future excellence; but as regards the work of art at present the subject of our notice, we are compelled, in the interest of truth, and however ungracious may appear the task, to negative the claim generally, as we have before stated, made on her behalf, to the original design and conception of the Joan of Arc, which, as we shall now proceed to shew, are, of right, due to the celebrated sculptor Pradier, to whom the execution of the intended statue of Marshal Soult has just been confided. The circumstances attending the origin of the "Jeanne d'Arc" are somewhat curious, and to explain them it may be necessary to give a slight preparatory sketch of the life and previous works of the last-named sculptor.

J. (James) Pradier is a native of Geneva; and, like his great countryman, J. J. Rousseau, on whose statue his talent has been so successfully employed, his boyish amusements, even from early childhood, gave unequivocal token of the master-mind which in after life was to ensure for its possessor a foremost rank amongst the brightest spirits of his age. Apprenticed originally to an engraver, young Pradier's natural predilection for modelling soon convinced his parents and his master—a man of observation and of liberal mind—that

there was something more than an engraver in the person of his young pupil. By his advice, therefore, Pradier was placed at the modelling-school, where his progress was so rapid, and his early essays evinced so much of gracefulness and originality of conception, that he was sent to Paris, and placed under the care of M. Le Mot.

Pradier would seem to have been peculiarly happy in the selection made of his masters. Aware of his young pupil's pecuniary deficiencies, Le Mot, then employed on the façade of the Louvre, solicited for young Pradier a pension from the minister of the interior. It was instantly granted; and this grant is one of the last that was signed by Napoleon before the catastrophe of 1814. Proud of this distinction, Pradier quickly surpassed all his fellow-students, his superiors in age. In 1815, his "Philoctetes restrained from piercing Ulysses," now in the Rath Museum at Geneva, obtained the first prize; and he started for Italy.

The first work of Pradier, which, after the Restoration, attracted the attention of the court, was the bust of Louis the Eighteenth, now in the Museum of the Louvre, it having escaped the devastation of the three days of July.*

There is no sculptor of modern, and we imagine we may also add, of ancient times, who has executed so many public works of art as Pradier; for there are two statues by him in the Chamber of Deputies, three in the Luxembourg, four at Versailles, seven in the Madeleine, four at the Triumphal Arch of l'Etoile, two on the Place Louis the Fifteenth, several in the royal apartments, and two in the gardens of the Tuileries—namely, the "Phidias," and the "Prometheus." In the latter of these celebrated productions, finished in 1827, Prometheus is represented—contrary to the usually received and traditionally followed conception of the subject by all preceding artists, who have invariably made Prometheus bound to the rock—as having himself, and by his own efforts, broken his chains and recovered his liberty; for the aid afforded by Hercules is no otherwise indicated than by the arrow that has pierced the vulture;

* The 29th of July, 1830, during the sack of the Louvre, the people were breaking to pieces, with their sabres, and the butt-ends of their muskets, every statue or bust of the Bourbon family that fell in their way. An exasperated group had stopped facing Pradier's bust of Louis XVIII., and its fate had been determined, when M. De Cailleux, Director of the Museums, respecting this bust more than any of the others, hit upon an expedient to endeavour to save it. "How, my friends!" he exclaimed, "is it thus you treat Louis XVIII., the author of the Charter? Why, surely, you don't consider what you are about to do!" "True," cried some of the leaders, "*vive l'auteur de la Charte!*" and the bust was preserved uninjured.—*Vide Constitutionnel*, August 5th, 1830.

an innovation on the established legend, which at the time failed not to excite the animadversions or conjectures of a host of critics, otherwise unanimous in their admiration of the general excellence of the production. The key to the enigma is, that Pradier, in 1827, had a true presentiment of the political events which in 1830 burst forth unexpectedly—as regards the many, at least—on mankind: and with a sculptor's feeling he resolved to embody this presentiment in his work.

Facing the "Prometheus" stands the "Phidias," the commission for which was given him by Louis Philippe in 1835; and it is to this commission that is attached the episodic adventure, characteristic of courtly commissions, which leads us back to the subject at the head of our present article—namely, the origin of the "Jeanne d'Arc," of (by courtesy) the Princesses Marie d'Orleans.

The original commission to Pradier, for a statue to occupy the spot facing the "Prometheus," came accompanied by an intimation of the Royal wish that the subject chosen should be selected from the heroic personages of early French history. Pradier accordingly made choice of Jeanne d'Arc, otherwise the "Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans," and by way of model, executed a small statue of that heroine. She was represented in a long flowing robe, with her hands crossed upon her breast, and embracing a crucifix with the ardour of perfect devotion: the sword and gauntlets placed on a "*prie-dieu*," or kneeling-stool, by her side, were introduced; but merely as accessories to the figure; the dominant expression throughout was that of gratitude to the Supreme Being for the superhuman strength and courage she had displayed. This little production was forwarded to the Tuileries, but never afterwards found its way back to the artist.

Seeing that time ran on, Pradier made inquiry as to what decision had been come to respecting the "Jeanne d'Arc." After some delay, he was informed that the king had altered his mind, and now wished that the new pedestal in the gardens should be occupied by some personage of antiquity. Pradier proposed "Phidias;" and the suggestion was instantly accepted. He thought no more of his "Jeanne d'Arc," when, some time afterwards, intelligence spread abroad that the young Princess Marie was completing a statue of that heroine. Pradier easily divined the cause of the alteration in the royal mind; but not a syllable ever escaped his lips on the subject, despite the variety of silly rumours, and *on dits*, and conjectures, with which the papers teemed from time to time.

One day Pradier was at Versailles,

shortly before the opening to the public of the "Historical Museum," he joined a numerous group collected before the "Jeanne d'Arc," and discussing its merits. Pradier has not as yet seen it. He was struck by the alterations which had been made; the dress had been shortened; the hands, instead of pressing the cross, *held the sword*; the heroine seemed to be offering up her thanks to the secondary instrument, instead of elevating her thoughts towards the great First Cause of her daring and success. Pradier was otherwise delighted with the details of its execution. He listened patiently to the animadversions of the critics. "Why, the woman," said one, "seems to be thinking of nothing at all!" "The plaits of her robe," chimed in another, "are as stiff and formal as though it were made of willow-rods," &c. "And so you imagine, gentlemen," exclaimed a third, "that the work before you is by the Princess Marie. Bah! she may, perhaps, have conceived the original idea; but as regards the execution, I could name the very artists who have performed the work, and to whom the whole merit of the production is of right due." "You could not name a single one," said Pradier, quietly; "and now allow me to give my opinion of this 'Jeanned'Arc.' There is not, gentlemen, in all Paris, an artist who might not well be proud, and very proud, too, of having produced this work of art. If you understood anything of sculpture, you would perceive that this head is beautifully placed, and is bent with all the ease and grace imaginable; that the forms of the drapery, far from being stiff and formal, have a softness and truth that might deceive, at the same time that they charm, the eye; that all the accessory details are in perfect keeping, and are exquisitely finished; and as to the reproach you are pleased to throw out against the Princess Marie, of having called in the aid of more experienced advisers, you have probably yet to learn, gentlemen, that all artists are in the habit of profiting by the enlightened suggestions of their friends; and that they never put the last finishing touch to a work without having previously shewn it to true connoisseurs. Why, therefore, should you find fault with the Princess for having profited by a few judicious hints? I repeat it—far from harshly criticising this statue, Paris ought to be proud of possessing one great artist more." As he concluded these words, Pradier felt a hand pressing on his shoulder; he turned round, and was much surprised to find himself face to face with M. de Cailloux, who, addressing several persons of the court, who had gathered round Pradier during the discussion, said aloud, "Sirs, I beg to introduce to you M.

Pradier, whose very disinterested opinion you have just heard pronounced. It is only to be regretted that the Princess herself should not have been present."

The foregoing anecdote, which we give on the authority of a fellow-countryman, an ardent admirer and living biographer of Pradier—M. J. Gaberel, of Geneva, may serve to shew that, in addition to his merit as a sculptor, the original designer of the "Joan of Arc" is by no means deficient in the minor qualities of an accomplished courtier, to say nothing of his gallantry.

In conclusion, we may remark that a new light has of late been thrown on the genealogical descent of the famed Joan of Arc, or "Pucelle d'Orleans,"—with whose character our great Shakespeare, in compliance, no doubt, with the ignorance and prejudices of his day, has taken such strange liberties,—an Italian writer, Signor G. Marzano, having some time since announced in the "Gazetta" of Venice, an important discovery he had made in searching the private archives of the town of Bologna. He therein professes to be able to prove that La Pucelle belonged to a noble family, being lineally descended from the family of the Marquis Ghislieri, and that she was the daughter of Ferranto Ghislieri, who was obliged to fly from Bologna in the year 1401, when Giovanni Bentevogli usurped the sovereign power in the Republic. G. M.

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

(From the French of the Boulanger de Nîmes.)

BY A. D.

An angel with a radiant face,
Bending o'er a cradle's side,
Seem'd there his heavenly form to trace,
As in a streamlet's lucid tide.

Fair child, that mayst with me compare;
Beauteous being, come with me;
Happiness with me thou'lt share;
Come! this world's unworthy thee.

No perfect bliss is here on earth;
The heart its pleasures pays with pain;
Sadness mocks the shout of mirth,
Anguish, joy resists in vain.

No, no! the azure space thou'lt wing,
Ethereal fields of heaven, with me;
Thy life ends in thy budding spring,
The winter's storm is spared to thee.

And in thy dwelling, none for thee
Should deck themselves in sad array;
But welcome should thy death-hour be,
As was to them thy natal day.

Sorrow there should cloud no brow,
Nought the hollow tomb real;
With those that are as pure as thou,
The last day brightest is of all.

His snowy pinions then he shook,
Nor said he more, but upwards fled;
For realms of bliss the world forsook;
Poor mother, lo! thy son is dead!

A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Continued from p. 36.)

CASE XXXIII.—This contains various objects from the South Sea Islands, presented by our young Queen, A.D. 1841: they consist of specimens of cloth, some of them being the girdles which are used to encircle the waists of the ladies, who in those islands think themselves dressed for the day with no other clothing but one of these spare, or rather unsparable, garments. As a summer dress, nothing can be cooler than one of these girdles; they are of a maroon colour, or else cream-white, with a rudely delineated pattern representing crosses, stars, and other devices: some of the ladies, however, instead of a girdle of this sort, wear a shaggy white mat, such as the one before us, which is made of fibre. From New Caledonia and Navigator's Island we have here some mats, on which the natives sleep: they are made of rushes plaited to various degrees of fineness. At the top of the case we see a variety of spears from New Caledonia, the Isle of Pines, &c.

CASE XXXIV.—The objects in this case are also from the South Sea Islands, and were presented by the same illustrious lady: they comprise two clubs with heads shaped like hawks' bills, from the Isle of Pines. At the side of the case are two more clubs, and one of them is decorated round the handle with fringe of native manufacture and of a red colour. In the centre are bows and reed-arrows, from Euramengo, or Erromango, and Navigator's Islands; plumes of feathers and combs, from the same places; a leaf-shaped comb, from New Hebrides; a bamboo-comb, for the hair at the back of the head, from New Caledonia; here is a genuine specimen of a chief's hair, from Navigator's Islands, which shews the mode in which it is worn by the natives; two fly-flaps, or fans, from the same place; a hatchet, with a celt-shaped blade, made from a piece of green jade, or nephrite, with a wooden tobacco-pipe, from New Caledonia. On turning our attention to the lower division of the case, we find some angling tackle—namely, two fishing-lines and hooks, with *artificial baits*, from Navigator's Islands. Here is, too, a fishing-net, with broken shells instead of leaden pellets to sink it, and some floats made of small bundles of the bark of a tree, from New Caledonia. All these shew that the natives are, like charming Betty Brill, "very fond of fish." Here is a red earthenware jar, or vase, from Fidjee, or Feeje, Island, and a wooden god of some chief's household, from Navigator's Islands.

Looking back again, we may notice several

objects that are outside the cases. Over the CASES XI., XII., XIII., and XIV., are various calabashes, some inclosed in wicker-work; harpoons, javelins; spears, and a wooden shield, from the west coast of North America and the Islands of the South Sea. Over CASES XVIII., XIX., and XX., are bows, arrows, quivers, drums, &c. Over CASE XXI. are some wooden pillows and a large Cava bowl. On the ground near CASE XXII. are many idols; some of them are by no means handsome or over-pious looking gentlemen; however, let us not forget that the savage, as we harshly call him, has good (or conscientiously thinks he has) in his worship of these dumb and breathless things, and then we shall not venture to ridicule his reverence for these ill-fashioned idols because we deem it ill-placed and absurd. Over CASE XXIII. we see a canoe formed of several pieces of wood sewed together, from Queen Charlotte's Island, and various kinds of paddles, &c. Over CASES XXV. and XXVI. rest a wooden box, and a large wooden drum, with a lateral opening, made of the trunk of a tree.

In the centre of the room is one of the originals of King John's Magna Charta, enclosed in a glass case. This interesting specimen, which belonged to the Cottonian Library, was unfortunately damaged by fire at Ashburnham House, in 1731: the seal is partly melted from that cause. As the specimen is very illegible from age and damage, a fac-simile engraving of it is placed by its side.

By the window, near the door at which we entered this room, are several weapons, and a *pacuna*, or tube, for blowing the small poisoned arrows which we noticed in the fifth case.

We will now leave this room, the objects in which deserved the detailed account I have given of them, because every object is valuable and interesting that serves to shew the different social customs, religious notions, warlike feelings, modes of costume, and the manufacturing ingenuity, observable in the several offshoots of the one great family of man.

THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH, ROOMS contain dried specimens of plants, fruits, &c., which originally belonged to the botanical collections of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Hans Sloane, and other naturalists. These rooms are kept shut, but any person particularly desirous of inspecting their contents will get admission by applying to Mr. J. E. Gray, one of the official naturalists at the Museum: we will not trouble him now, but pass on with the tide of visitors. THE FIFTH ROOM we shall skip by, for that is at present occupied as a natural history workshop, in which the process of stuffing the lions with straw is

performed. THE SIXTH ROOM, which is also closed, contains a vast and splendid collection of *insects* and *crustaceans*; additions to this collection of the innumerable tribe of insects are continually arriving, and the arrangement of them is confided to Mr. Adam White, an acute and persevering young entomologist. THE SEVENTH ROOM, which is also shut, is another scientific workshop: however, we shall get free admittance into

THE EIGHTH ROOM.

In CASES I. and II., and in two table-cases, reposes a collection of impressions from ancient seals, which impressions were made for and presented to the Museum, by Mr. John Doubleday, in 1830. CASE III. contains a great variety of bronze and flint celts, spear-heads, and arrow-heads. The majority of the flint arrow-heads and celts were found in Ireland. CASE IV. contains a collection of Hindoo bronzes, and several ancient chessmen, which were found upon the coast of one of the Western Islands of Scotland. CASE V. contains various South Sea articles, not yet arranged. In CASE VI. we find numerous ancient statues, and fragments of statues, many of which we need not particularize here. A few of them, however, demand special attention—for instance, the figure of Apollo, in division B of the case, is regarded as the most admirable specimen of Grecian art to be met with in any collection at the present time. This figure, which is in the act of bending a bow, was found in the year 1792, near Janina, in Epirus. Here, in division D, are three jackasses' heads, which were ornaments for beds and for seats; two figures of boars, one decorated for sacrifice, (not such as our cooks prescribe,) and the other bearing a mutilated figure of a lady. In division G we find two cocks and a bird called hoopoe (*Upupa*), which was sacred to Horus and Harpocrates. In division H the love-sick visitor will be greatly interested with the sight of no less than twenty little Cupids. This is, indeed, a case of cupidity. In division I, we notice representations of a doe worried by a leopard, of the head of a greyhound, of the end of a spout in the shape of a mastiff's head, and the figure of an eagle which was formerly attached to a Roman standard. An historian or a contemplative poet might feed his muse with many of the hard but excellent relics of other days and by-gone deeds, that are here collected. In CASE VII. the first object that meets our attention is the visor of a helmet which was found on the face of a skeleton reposing in a tomb: "He lay like a warrior taking his rest," in a helmet by way of a nightcap. His ghost walks this room at night-time, if report speaks true. In division B we have a figure of the single-horned symbolical goat

of the Persians, and representations of two frogs. In division D we find two ornaments decorated with the heads of leopards; three figures of lizards, the casts being taken from living specimens. Two of the latter figures are in silver; the third is in bronze. On the edge of one of the helmets in division F, some Greek characters are inscribed. In division I, we find a bust of an Egyptian mendicant priest, a poppy-seed vessel, and various little statues. In division K are some articles from a tomb in Campania, and which are supposed to have been used in the sacred mysteries of Master Bacchus and Miss Ceres. CASE VIII. presents us with many curious relics, as, for instance, the silver statue, in division B, representing Saturn devouring an infant, (a strong proof of his fondness for children,) a young Satyr taking a ride on a ram, and Ulysses clinging to the body of a ram to make his escape from the cave of Polyphemus; but one of the most interesting things here, is an ancient ticket of admission to a theatre, with a Greek inscription upon it. In division C we have four thuribula, or incense vessels, in shape like human heads, which now-a-days contain more *nonsense* than *incense*. Division K contains a chain of nineteen rings, and which is supposed to have been the ear-ring of some colossal statue. Division D presents us with nine figures or busts of Mistress Venus, who seems to have an eccentric antipathy to clothing. Proceeding to CASE IX. we find more antiquities. In division B we particularly notice a sacrificial shovel, which is elegantly ornamented with a figure of Mercury, seated upon a ram's head, and with other decorations. In division F we find a figure of an emaciated Chinese devotee; a Chinese bronze leaf-shaped cup; and a knife with an agate handle, ornamented with gold. In division G are four fragments of ornaments that belonged to a votive chariot, of ancient Etruscan workmanship. These fragments consist of very thin plates of silver, decorated with gold, and when found in 1812 between Perugia and Cortona, the whole article was nearly complete, but was speedily cut in pieces, and the greater part melted. Here is also a silver cup, exquisitely embossed and chased in the finest style by some Italian workman in the sixteenth century. Fill it with good wine of the same period, and it will be still more interesting.

On the second shelf between the windows, we notice several figures, amongst which is that of Kamala, or Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, holding the lotus flower in her hand. Here is also a round plate, over which, supported by four lions, is a platform, from which rises a highly decorated arch, on one side of which is Krishna playing upon a pipe, in the presence of four

in the distance and appearance of two
 large in which I saw two or three
 small domes with the roofs of copper;
 these figures I saw in the evening light
 from first appearance. I was at the time
 standing on the edge of the plateau in
 the distance I saw these domes and
 myself. In distance I saw a fort of
 an Egyptian construction (that a pretty good
 vessel and various fine statues. In the
 distance I saw some articles from a tomb in
 Constantinople and which are supposed to have
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 Lemnians and other Greeks. (I saw 7111 pro-
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performed. The great house which is
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THE MIRROR

In 1841 I saw in the distance
 some of the most valuable in the
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 fact that they are arranged in a
 systematic manner.



POPE'S BEECH-TREE.

and the present part of the tree is also
 a great tree, especially in the distance
 which is the most striking feature. The
 distance in the distance. The tree is
 with the most of the same period, and it
 will be still more interesting.
 On the whole, which is the most
 we notice several figures, among which
 is that of a woman, or perhaps the countess
 of York, holding the same figure in her
 hand. There is also a young girl, over
 which is supported by her hand, is a fine
 figure from which there is a figure
 seen on the side of which is a figure
 playing upon a pipe in the distance of the

point in the shape of a woman's head, and
 the figure of a woman which was formerly
 attached to a Roman statue. An inscription
 on a commemorative tree might be the
 most of the kind, but excellent
 view of other days and persons, which
 that we have collected. In 1841 the
 first object that struck our attention is the
 view of a building which was found on the
 floor of a building, which is a house. The
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female attendants and six bulls; and on the other side is seated Devi, holding two lotus flowers in the company of four attendants and two elephants, the trunks of which animals form a canopy over her head. Here are two glass cases, one of which contains a model of the middle part of Blackfriars Bridge, and the frame-work used in its construction, presented in 1770, by the bridge committee of London; and the other contains models of the ships Victory and Mercury, which were bequeathed to the Museum in 1778, by Mr. Philip Denoyer.

From this room we shall now proceed to the zoological collection, where we shall find an immense number of animals to excite our attention and curiosity, and to offer much scope for instructive discourse.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from page 39.)

"It is very strange, Mademoiselle," Sterný said, "it is truly unfortunate, that, having had only the honour of seeing you twice, I should have unwittingly displeased you three or four times."

"Me, Sir!" Lise replied, in astonishment.

"Yes, you. First of all, this morning, for being after my time; then, at the mayor's, for not taking off my glove; and here, perhaps," he added whisperingly, "for arriving too soon, and—"

"And—" Lise said, looking him in the face.

"And," Sterný added, with a winning smile, "for stealing M. Tirlot's seat."

Lise blushed, and smiled; she was pleased; for flattery has momentary gratifications even to the most sensible. The Marquis had played a trick, in a school-boy fashion, to be near her, and that afforded her pleasure. Lise thought not of the purpose of the Marquis, nor of the end he had in view, for she was too innocent to entertain an idea of seduction. Shortly after, however, the smile which graced her countenance gave way to sudden embarrassment, and she said to herself—

"He intends to amuse himself with me."

"I see very plainly," Sterný said, "that I have displeased you, in taking this seat."

"Ah! Monsieur," Lise exclaimed, tossing her head, "it matters little to me who took it."

Sterný laughed; then said, rather imper-
tently,

"I don't believe it—I am sure you would prefer M. Tirlot by your side."

Lise remained silent.

"Is M. Tirlot a relation of yours?" Sterný demanded.

"No, Sir."

"Is he a friend?"

"No, Sir," she again replied, coldly.

"He is, then, one of Prosper's?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So much the better," Sterný said, "for M. Tirlot, knowing that I am Prosper's friend, will more readily forgive the fault which I have committed."

"Oh!" Lise said, "you are not Prosper's friend."

"Why not? he is a young person I like very much, and would willingly render him any service that is in my power."

"I don't doubt it," Lise replied; "but that's not what I mean."

"I am also sure," Sterný said, "that he respects me very much."

"I am sure of it; but still you know that you are not friends."

"Why?" Sterný demanded.

"Because," Lise replied, "you are M. le Marquis de Sterný, and he is Prosper Gobillon, feather-merchant."

"It is very wrong of you to say so," Sterný said.

"Why?" Lise demanded.

"Is it not as much as to say that the title which I bear makes me proud, haughty, and impertinent?"

"Ah! Sir."

"Is it not saying," Sterný added, "that I do not render justice to the honour and worth of those individuals who have not a similar title? It is almost enough to make me regret having been brought up in what is called the higher circles, for you seem to assert we no longer live in an age when worth is due to merit."

Ah, ah! lion, what have you made of your crest of nobility? What! what! speaking freely the sentiments of *Le Constitutionnel*, and that with a serious air? Where now are your friends to laugh at you, as you would have done at them, if they had uttered such a sentiment?

Lise, from the serious manner in which Sterný had spoken, said, in an affected tone, "I thank you, Sir, on Prosper's account, for what you have said; I am sure it will make him happy when I tell him."

"Oh!" Sterný replied, "Prosper has known me for a very long time. We knew each other in childhood, and he is not like you—he does not take me for a dandy or a lion."

"A lion! what is that?" Lise said, laughingly.

"Oh!" Sterný replied, "lions are beings of this world, who imagine themselves wise and witty, because they laugh at all others,

despise everything that is not suited to their taste, and have no other occupation save that of doing nothing."

"Ah!" Lise said, "I know what you mean; but I pray you to understand that I have not quite so bad an opinion of you."

"Not quite so bad," Sterný said; "but not very favourable."

"I cannot tell you—I do not know," Lise said, hesitatingly.

"Ah, you must give me an answer; do give me your opinion of me."

Lise hesitated; then, looking Sterný in the face with an expression of infantine malice, said,

"Well, I will do so, if you will tell me the reason why you took M. Tirlot's seat."

Sterný was somewhat embarrassed at this demand; he hesitated, then replied,

"Indeed, I cannot tell you."

At these words Lise burst into a fit of laughter, which drew the eyes of all the company upon her.

"What is the matter with you, Lise?" M. Laloiné shouted out.

"It is," Lise said, still laughing, "because M. le Marquis—"

"Oh!" Sterný whispered, full of fear lest Lise should relate the trick he had played, "for Heaven's sake do not betray me!"

"What is the matter?" was again shouted out.

"O, nothing at all—an idea," she replied, in calming herself.

"Come, come, Lise!" the mother exclaimed, frowning on her daughter for her indiscretion.

"Let her laugh," M. Laloiné said, "it becomes her age—she will soon be serious enough."

Lise had already become so, and was reflecting on her conduct, when Sterný said to her, in a low voice,

"I thank you for having kept my secret."

"O, it is nothing."

"Still it gave me a great deal of trouble:" then he related, in an amusing manner, his fears of detection when the *garçon* entered, and how he had diverted the attention of her father. Lise listened, half laughing, half vexed, and finished by saying,

"And you did all this without being able to give a reason."

"I could do so, but I dare not give it to you," Sterný replied, with emotion.

"What! to me?"

"Yes—to you."

"You are making sport of me."

"Do you wish me to tell you?"

"I don't know; it is according to what you have got to say. Ah, no!" she added, "I don't wish to know."

She guessed all; but that was not enough for our *lion*; he wished to speak, for he

found pleasure in engaging the attention of Lise.

"This morning, when—"

"Stop, stop," Lise exclaimed, interrupting him, "M. Tirlot is going to sing."

"He is a ridiculous fellow, that M. Tirlot," Sterný said, displeased at being interrupted when about to begin his declaration.

"Ridiculous!" Lise said—"why so, Monsieur?"

"Because I don't like him," Sterný replied.

"For what reason?"

Sterný smiled and said, "First, because he is the bridesman, and had the privilege of walking with you this morning."

"It seems to me," Lise said, in laughing, "that he did not profit much by it."

"And then, because his seat was placed beside yours."

"And he has taken good care to keep it."

"And lastly," Sterný added, "because he is going to dance with you first."

"He has forgotten to engage me," Lise replied.

"In that case I must have that pleasure. I should like to deprive him of everything."

"How! deprive him of everything?" Lise inquired.

"Yes," Sterný said, gaily; "I delight in robbing him; and if I were by his side, I would eat from his plate, and drink the wine which he had poured out for himself."

"Ah! poor M. Tirlot!" Lise said, pleased with the attentions of the Marquis.

"We are going to dance the first quadrille together;—is it not so, Mademoiselle?"

"I suppose I must!" Lise said, with a smile.

"As for this M. Tirlot," Sterný added, transported with success, "I should like even to rob him of his song."

"That would be difficult," Lise said.

"Look, he is going to begin."

"It matters not," Sterný whispered, "I will dispute the palm."

"Indeed!" Lise said, in astonishment.

"You shall see!"

M. Tirlot began. He sang four verses, which were tolerably good, both as to measure and rhyme, and which introduced Madame Laloiné, M. Laloiné, and the new-married couple, M. and Madame Gobillon. M. Tirlot triumphed, for he received the loud acclamations of all present.

Lise was highly delighted; and while applauding, she repented of having deprived him of his *contredanse*. Sterný, however, was in a vein of good humour; he gently touched the elbow of Lise, saying,

"Announce that I am going to sing."

Lise rose, held forth her pretty hand, and each was silent; but when she stated that Monsieur le Marquis was about to sing, all were astonished, and expressed their delight at his condescension.

"Pardon, ladies and gentlemen," Sterný said, on rising, "it is not a song; it is only a verse, to complete the spirited *chanson* of M. Tiriot."

M. Tiriot leant forward, and "*Voyons! voyons!*" was heard on all sides.

Sterný, amidst the most profound silence, and looking at M. and Madame Laloiné, sang—

"Le droit sacré de faire des heureux
Est si beau que Dieu nous l'envie."

Then at Prosper Gobillon and his wife—

"Et comme vous, quand on en a fait deux,
C'est bien assez, votre tache est remplie."

To M. and Madame Laloiné—

"Et cependant, ce droit que l'on bénit,
N'est pas pour vous épuisé sur la terre."

Then turning towards Lise—

"Car, en voyant Lise, chacun se dit
Il leur reste en heureux à faire."

O Marquis! what a disgrace! a verse *improvisé* at table, and at the nuptials of a feather-merchant's daughter. O *lion!* where now is your haughty look, your head raised in pride, and your lip bearing the expression of scorn. Sterný had no time to think, for scarcely had he finished his verse than the room resounded with *bravos* and expressions of delight. Lise, who did not expect such a conclusion, blushed, and hid her face by bending her head; and Madame Laloiné, in going to kiss her daughter, said,

"It is true, M. Tiriot, you forgot my Lise."

M. Laloiné stretched his hand to Sterný, saying with warmth of heart—

"Thank you, M. Le Marquis; thank you."

The mother expressed her gratitude to Sterný, and congratulations were heard on all sides. At last the company rose, and M. Gobillon cried out—

"To the hall!—the ball is about to begin."

Sterný offered his arm to Lise; she took it, and he felt that her hand trembled. She was confused and embarrassed; but still she seemed cheerful and pleased.

"You are not angry with me, Lise," Sterný said, "on account of the verse which I sang?"

"O no," she said softly, "it made my father and mother so happy."

"And how did you like it?"

"O, very much; it was very pretty," Lise replied, casting her eyes downwards.

She then begged to be excused for a moment, as she wished to speak to a few of her friends who had come to the ball, and who had just been told the cause of the *plaudits* which had shook the walls of the *Cadran Bleu*. On Lise approaching, she demanded—

"Is it true that the handsome Marquis composed a verse upon you?"

If the question had been asked in ridicule, most probably Lise would have denied it; but the handsome Marquis was pronounced with so much envy, that she replied with affection,

"Yes, it is true!"

"It seems you have made a conquest of him," said one of nature's less favoured children.

"Why not?"

"And, without doubt, he has made one of you," another demanded.

"Who knows!" Lise said, imagining her friends were very impertinent.

"And," said another, "in order to refuse dancing with him, I will go and engage myself for the whole evening."

"O don't give yourself the trouble; these *gants jaunes* never dance."

"Sometimes, Mesdemoiselles," Sterný said, who had stealthily approached them. He held out his hand to Lise, saying, with a respectful air,

"Mademoiselle has not forgotten her promise of dancing the first quadrille with me."

"No, Sir, no," Lise muttered, on holding out her hand. It was trembling, and Sterný pressed it.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE LATE WALTER HENRY WATTS.

DIED on Tuesday last, at his lodgings in Earl's-court-terrace, Old Brompton, after many months of severe illness and painful suffering, which he endured with the most manly resignation, Walter Henry Watts, Esq., at the age of 64. He was the son of Captain Watts, of the Royal Navy, and we have heard him say that he was born in the Bay of Bengal; and at a time when colonels were under the discipline of nursery maids, the same abusive system extended to the navy, and Mr. Watts was entered a midshipman, and received pay, from the time of his birth.

Mr. Watts was educated in Chester, and began life as an artist. He travelled through Scotland and its islands, towards the latter end of the last century, with Dr. Garnet, and contributed the drawings to the tour published by that gentlemen, in quarto. He pursued his profession some time in Glasgow, and repaired to the metropolis about forty years ago. Professional distinction is slowly acquired here, and without any idea of devoting himself permanently to literature, Mr. Watts was induced to accept of an engagement as a

parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Post*, at a time when the House of Commons could boast of a Pitt, a Fox, a Sheridan, a Wyndham, and a Tierney. As a reporter, his qualifications were of the very first class, and the value of his services was acknowledged by conditions more than usually advantageous, which enabled him to devote much of the time of the session, and all the recess, to professional pursuits.

As a miniature painter, he attained considerable excellence, and was a regular exhibitor at Somerset-house for many years. At one time he occupied very expensive apartments in Bond-street, and wished to devote himself exclusively to art; but the experiment did not succeed, and he was obliged to continue his connexion with the newspaper press, which only terminated within a few years of his death. With the exception of a brief period, during which he was one of the editors of the *Courier*. Mr. Watts was, from 1817, a parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*. He was the author and editor of the *Annual Obituary*, and of the *Political Memento*, and contributed, for above twenty years, criticisms on the fine arts to the *Literary Gazette*.

Mr. Watts possessed qualities rarely found together in the same man. The wealth of worlds would not have induced him to do or say what he could not reconcile with the strictest principle; and he was, at the same time, indulgent in the extreme to the weaknesses of others. A man of a kinder disposition never lived, and his purse and services were always at the command of the distressed. Of a chivalrous disposition, he held everything mean or little in peculiar abhorrence; and though driven about for forty years in a metropolis, the atmosphere of which is supposed not to be peculiarly favourable to exalted principles, it may be said with confidence of Mr. Watts, that he remained to the last a model of all that was pure, honourable, and disinterested. No one who knew him could ever conceive of Mr. Watts, that, under any circumstances, he would not prove himself an example of the most unending integrity.

In his private circle he was beloved, and we need hardly say that his virtues obtained for him the highest consideration with all who were connected with the daily press. He possessed an influence with them which no man ever before possessed, and, in all probability, no man ever will again.

We close our short tribute to the memory of this excellent man with the following extract from a notice in the *Literary Gazette*, by his friend Mr. Jerdan:—

"He was an artist and an author, and in both pursuits his career was honourable

and honoured. In truth, his manly integrity and unflinching firmness in every circumstance of life shed a lustre over it so bright, that the greatest of men belonging to history might be proud to have it like a halo round their name and memory for ever. There could be no station in society which it would not illuminate and adorn; and there are hundreds of living witnesses to what we now write in London, who will bear testimony to the fact, that we could employ no language too expressive or forcible, when speaking of the excellence of the individual who has been taken from amongst us. It was not his general attainments, though they were of no common order; it was not his judgment, though penetrating and sound; it was not his artistic skill, though of acknowledged talents; it was not his authorship, though of the purest English style and the highest British principles;—it was not these gifts and qualities, separately or combined, which endeared him to all who had the happiness of his intimacy; but it was the possession of a fine and superior nature, which shone through all he said or did; and made even slight acquaintance look up to him as a model of uncompromising worth and human virtue. Mr. Watts was very many years a reporter of the debates in parliament for the press: at one period for the *Morning Post*, and at a later period for the *Morning Chronicle*. In the discharge of the duties thus imposed upon him he has not been surpassed, and seldom equalled. On all difficult occasions, he was resorted to as the referee and oracle of the parties with whom this employment connected him; and it may be recollected, that when the Duke of Cambridge presided at the festival on behalf of the infant formation of the institution for the benefit of newspaper-writers, at the Thatched House Tavern, about three years ago, Mr. Watts was chosen by that body to be their spokesman, and delivered on the occasion an address of singular appropriateness and brilliant effect, for which his Royal Highness complimented him in the warmest terms. He was, indeed, one of the most zealous founders of this most laudable association, and always took an earnest interest in its prosperous establishment."

MEMOIR OF DANNEKER, THE SCULPTOR.

Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles
Fill the hush'd air with everlasting love.

THE hand of Danneker, the sculptor, which, during the greater part of the last half-century, has produced so many admirable pieces of art, is now cold and motionless. He died on the 8th of last month, and

leaves another blank among the sculptors of the age.

John Heinrich Danneker was a native of Stutgard, where he was born on the 15th of October, 1758, of humble parents. At a very early age the bent of his genius was manifested by his scratching with a nail flowers and figures on a smooth stone; and he shortly after, contrary to the wishes of his parents, obtained admission into the public academy. He was here taken under the protection of the Duke Charles of Wirtemberg, predecessor of the late king.

His father had been for some time employed in the king's studio, and through the interest which he possessed, succeeded in getting young Danneker admitted to the Military Artistical Academy at the "Solitude," a royal castle near Stutgard, where, free of expense, young students were instructed in a course of fine art.

But in 1774, his own natural genius worked its own triumphs. His model of Milo of Cortona carried off the prize, and the caryatides and other statues which he then executed, when he was only in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, adorn at the present moment the royal palace at Stutgard.

One of the greatest delights of Danneker's after-life was the close friendship which subsisted between the great Schiller and himself, who was also a native of Stutgard, and with whom, on the same form at school, at the Royal Academy of the "Solitude," and over the same books, he studied for a considerable period. The sublimities which characterize the poems of "William Tell," "Die Schuld," and "Die Ahnfrau," were shared in another shape, but still in the same inspired manner, by the sculptor of "Ariadne" and the "Venus."

He now travelled abroad, and in 1781 visited Paris, having obtained this permission from the court. Here he met with the sculptor Scheffauer, the pupil of Pajou. While at Paris, instead of studying the antique models to be met with in the Louvre and other public edifices, he rather studied nature, and sculptured from the living form, whence the beautiful flexibility of his marble was in great measure derived.

In 1785, Danneker quitted Paris with Scheffauer, in company with whom he travelled to Rome. In this city he met with Canova, with Goethe, and with Herder, who had all been attracted to the Roman metropolis to examine its relics and beauties; and while here, enjoyed so greatly the instruction and advice of Canova, that we need not wonder at his own productions teeming in a variety of instances with all the sweetness and majesty of his master. The corn-crowned Ceres, and omnipotent Bacchus, which brought him into such high

repute, were executed by him while in Italy, and the academies of Milan and Bologna were not slack in acknowledging his pre-eminence by electing him a member of their bodies.

On his return he was employed by the Duke Charles in modelling a variety of subjects; but it was in 1796, when leaving the lower branches of his profession, he commenced to work again in marble. Danneker preserved but few of his works, for they were rapidly sought after by others. His celebrated Sappho, the original of which is now at Monrepos, was soon required from his hands to adorn a more noble apartment, but one darling work he constantly kept—the colossal bust of his friend and schoolfellow, Schiller.

In speaking of his own productions, Danneker was alike remarkable for his modesty and frank simplicity. His works were widely scattered throughout Germany, and several are to be met with in Russia, but few have as yet made their way to England. The very loveliest of his works, undoubtedly the perfection of marble beauty, is his Ariadne, in Mr. Bateman's collection at Frankfort—Ariadne, as the Bride of Bacchus, borne upon a panther. Another beautiful piece of design, the exquisite allegory of which is borrowed from Apuleius, is his Eros, represented at the particular moment when Psyche is pouring on his snow-white shoulders the drops of burning oil.

But the grandest work of art from the chisel of Danneker is his statue of Christ—a work which for eight years he laboured and studied at, and finally completed in 1824. This statue was, on its completion, sent to the Empress Maria Feodorovna, of Russia, who afterwards presented it to the Emperor Alexander.

Danneker was very generally known by the title of the "German Canova;" and in the lightness of his forms, the exquisitely winning sweetness infused into their features, and the elegant and attractive pose of his figures, he fully confirmed the fact of their close and reciprocal resemblance.

Danneker died in his 84th year. Wagner, at Rome, whose name has been long among the distinguished, was his pupil. His great accumulation of years caused him to cease in his latter days from all active employment, and he had indeed fallen into the state of "second childhood."

Accounts of his funeral have not yet arrived, but the ceremony is expected to be both imposing and splendid, befitting the memory of a man who has eminently adorned his city, and whose works entitle him to add his own fair and honourable name, in an especial manner, to the number of illustrious countrymen that have preceded him.

The Gatherer.

Galvanic Plant Protector.—We saw yesterday, at Mr. Cuthbert's, Clayton-square, a curious invention, in which the galvanic principle is applied to the purpose of preserving plants from the attacks of worms, slugs, &c. This ingenious invention, which perfectly secures dahlias and other delicate plants from the attacks of those voracious pests of the flower-garden, the mollusca, must be highly acceptable to all engaged in their culture. After a trial of twelve months by the original inventor, not a plant was injured that had the protection of these galvanic circles, although during the same period plants on all sides suffered severely that were not so protected. The protector consists of a conical ring of zinc about four inches in height, the top end flanked off about a quarter-of-an-inch, and cut into numerous vandyked points; immediately under is a ring of copper neatly fitted. It is thus used:—The bottom of the zinc ring is pressed into the soil until the lower edge of the copper ring is about one inch and a half above the surface; care being taken to inclose within the ring the rods of such plants as may require them, otherwise the mollusca find a road to the plant by the rods. The mollusca may crawl into the zinc with impunity, but, on coming in contact with the copper, will receive a galvanic shock, and immediately turn away or fall to the ground. If the largest of this tribe attempt to stretch across and above the copper belt, avoiding contact, they would be incapable of holding by the points. The protector acts in wet or dry weather, and is always in action. Its appearance in use is like a flower-pot; and its cheapness, utility, and durability, must ensure its general adoption. For the protection of fruit trees, the same principle is applicable. Strips of zinc and copper are prepared, which, being judiciously placed along the wall and round the stems of each tree, effectually preserve them.—*Liverpool Standard.*

Eating.—Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and, not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows 10,000,000 of living shrimps at a draught, a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats 500 times its own weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live; they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor does

Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with the toothache, dyspepsia, or hysteries, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his.

Embellishment of London.—We have heard it stated, and we believe on good grounds, that a great and striking improvement is about to be made in the appearance of Piccadilly, consequent upon the removal of the ranger's house in the Green Park, which will be demolished early in the spring. This tasteful suggestion, we have heard, was made by the Premier, and is to consist of a noble terrace and public walk from the gate into the palace-gardens at Hyde Park-corner to the junction of the houses at the lower end of the basin. The form of the ground on this line is particularly favourable to picturesque effect in laying out and planting, and to architectural beauty of design in the esplanade. Fountains and statues, too, are likely to be introduced, to add to the grandeur of the plan, give encouragement to the arts, and combine the whole with the palatial residence of the Sovereign, by carrying it, perhaps, further on hereafter along the line opposite to Grosvenor-place. The magnificent equestrian statue of Wellington, now casting by Wyatt, will surmount the arch facing Apsley-house; and we see no reason why it should not be balanced at the other termination by a statue of Sir Robert Peel, together with his name to the work, the idea of which, as we have mentioned, is understood to have emanated from him. At all events it will be a splendid embellishment of this principal street in entering the capital from the west.—*Literary Gazette*, No. 1303.

Instinct of Plants.—A rather remarkable instance of the instinct of plants in searching out food and support for themselves, is just now to be seen in the woods of Comrie. An oak tree, high perched upon the point of a comparatively bare rock, in the face of Dunmore Hill, finding its home supplies of soil and hold rather stunted, and observing (one is almost inclined to think) a more fertile spot below, has sent off a foraging party in the shape of a large "root trunk," for several yards distinctly down the precipice on which it stands. This root branch, after reaching a projecting point of the rock, bends horizontally downwards, cleaving firmly to the rock in all its course, till it reaches another face, down which it again descends, until it eventually seizes, in its many-fingered grasp, the object it travelled so far in search of.—*Stirling Advertiser.*

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